

## POETRY.

### GOOD BYE.

Farewell! Farewell! is often heard  
From the lips of those who part;  
'Tis a whispered tone—'tis a gentle word,  
But it springs not from the heart.  
It may serve for the lover's closing lay,  
To be sung 'neath a summer's sky;  
But give me the lips that warmly say  
The honest words—"Good bye!"

Adieu! Adieu! may greet the ear,  
In the guise of courtly speech;  
But when we leave the kind and dear,  
'Tis not what the soul would teach.  
Where'er we grasp the hands of those  
We would have forever nigh,  
The flame of friendship bursts and glows  
In the warm frank words—"Good bye!"

The mother sending forth her child  
To meet with cares and strife,  
Breathless thro' her tears, her doubts and fears,  
For the loved one's future life.  
No cold "adieu," no "farewell" lives,  
Within her choking sigh  
But the deepest sob of anguish gives—  
In the warm frank words—"Good bye!"

Go watch the pale and dying one,  
When the glance has lost its beam—  
When the brow is cold as marble stone,  
And the world a passing dream;  
And the latest pressure of the hand,  
The look of the closing eye,  
Yield what the heart must understand,  
A long—a last—"Good bye!"

### THE DREAM OF LOVE.

BY CHARLES LUDLOW, ESQ., OF RICHMOND, VA.

I have seen a bubble blown into its circular and inscribable beauty; on its brilliant surface were painted the most inimitable pictures of light and life; graceful clouds floated in the bosom of the mimic sky; a tiny sun irradiated the little world, and cast all the magic of light and shade over a landscape of most bewitching splendor. A creation, bright as a poet could imagine, glowed before me; but a wave of the air broke the spell of its transitory, but beautiful existence, and it was gone. It was like a dream of love. If there is one happy being in creation, it is the lover in the luxury of his visionary aspirations—like there is a single blissful moment, like a star sparkling in the shadowy firmament of life, it is that which discovers a long nourished affection to be mutual. The moon, as she rides on through her infinity of space has not a greater effect upon the ocean tide, than has the passion of love upon the tide of human thought—now permitting it to settle down into a state of temporary tranquility—again bidding it heave and swell, by the magic of its viewless power. Without it what would be the world? As a creation without light; yet possessing it, as we do, how does it discompose the sober plans of reason? How do the loftiest bulwarks of stern philosophy bow down and disappear before the fragrance of its breath? It is the poetry of thought, when reason slumbers on her throne, or wanders away in happy dreams. It is scarcely to be defined, for it seems in a perpetual halo of soft light, which dazzles while it fascinates the mind's eye. It is to the spirit what sunshine is to the flower—luring the fragrance from its bosom, and bringing out all the energies of its young nature, or as the hand of beauty to the slumbering lute passing over the silent chords, till it doth discourse most eloquent music.

I had a young friend, just rising into manhood—fiery and unsettled as the warrior steed in battle, his career was unguaged by prudence or thought. A never failing flow of spirits made him always agreeable—he was full of sense and frolic. He could bring a tear into your eye, before the smile had left your lip—he was all hope and happiness. Suddenly he was before me an altered being—his eye had grown melancholy and full of meditation. Its softness was often, succeeded by a flash; and its fire again extinguished in the trembling tear. He shunned the rude clamor of the bustling world, and would steal away into some solitary recess, and in the still shade of the forest ponder on the sweetness of his own sorrow. His mind became almost a world of itself, and thousands of visions rose obedient, at the call of creative thought—his soul lifted high on fancy's wing, would explore in its wild and beautiful career the fathomless regions of imagination, through all the variety of its magnificent domain. He loved—deeply, devotedly. It was more than love; it was adoration. The object of his passion was all that woman could be. There is no object, in all creation, half so splendid as such a being; the charms that are diffused through the whole universe seem gathered together in her. When the sun is going down in the west, he leaves behind him a track of bright light, but it is insipid when compared to the light of her eye. The fragrance of the rose was not so delicious as the warmth of her breath—music could wake no melody like the thrilling tones of her voice. Her motion was more graceful than the heave of the sea or the change of the cloud, and the magic of mind gleaming through all her words, and looks and actions, shed around her a charm more grateful than Arabian incense.

No wonder my hero bowed down before her; no wonder that the sound of her voice was always in his ear, that her image was before him in his daily

occupations, and bore a part in the mysterious changes of his dream. There was no affection in her nature, and she confessed she loved him—they seemed created for each other—and who would have believed that fate—but I am digressing.

There is something very melancholy in the reflection that any woman can die; but to him that she should perish, was the very agony of despair. He had left her for a few days, intending when he returned to have asked her hand. On the morning of his return, he sprang into the stage-coach in a most delicious reverie. He held no discourse with his fellow passengers, but wrapped himself up in a rich dream of anticipation. His heart was full of happiness he thought himself, as he entered his house, too happy for a mortal man. He was preparing to pay her the first visit, and dwelling in his mind on her pleasing welcome, when her brother came to see him—he did not observe any thing peculiar about him at first, and not till the warm and affectionate shake of the hand was over did he notice that his eyes were filled with tears and a dismal, gloomy, black crape hung from his hat. He started, and in a low hollow voice that had a dreariness in every tone, he said—  
"Elizabeth is dead!"

At first he was not comprehended. A vacant horrid laugh that echoed strangely thro' the room was his only answer—then he repeated the words and the features of my friend became pale and motionless as marble—then he sat down in a chair, and covered his face with his hands, but not a word—a breath broke the silence. There was something alarming in his calmness; it seemed like the silence of the heavy, black cloud just before it launched its destructive lightning from its bosom. He beckoned, and wished to be alone. He was left in solitude. I would not profane the subject by any attempt at describing his feelings. There was a dark, horrible confusion in his mind, like sun accursed dream glaring around him, and night rolled away its long hours of sleepless agony.

The next day was the funeral; and when the sun rose in his same glory, and all the "pomp and circumstance" of day began to beam upon the face of nature, and the merry voice of men sometimes came upon the breeze, and the carts rattled rudely along, and all around was business, and adventure, unaffected by the great event that had come like an ocean of scorching fire upon the paradise of his heart—he recollected, and he said, "to-day is her funeral—her funeral!" His benumbed mind dwelt upon the words, but there was something undefined, and almost incomprehensible in them. She was to be buried at five in the afternoon. The clock struck four—he put on his hat, and went steadily to her house. He thought twenty times he heard her sweetly toned laughing voice, as he passed along. He turned his head once or twice to see if she was not at his shoulder, but there was nothing and he walked on. He saw the house, and his eye sought every window—but Elizabeth was not there. He rang the bell—the servant came, weeping—he looked at him, and walked on—he passed into the parlor; the chair which she had occupied, when he was there before, was standing in the very same place; and there was her piano; he almost thought he heard music; he listened; a sob from the next room came like ice upon his heart; and he sat down. Her mother came into the room; her face was serene in grief, but the first burst was over, and she was comparatively calm. She asked him if he would look at the corpse. He knew she was dead, but the blunt question shook every nerve in his frame, and seemed to breathe death upon his soul. He arose and followed the bereaved mother. There was an air of death in the apartment; and a varnished coffin was on the table, a white cloth flung carefully at the head; a few friends sat and wept in silence, musing on the beauties and virtues of the being that were about to consign to the cold earth. He walked up to the table, and stood as still and pale and motionless, as the form that lay stretched before him. He would have torn away the veil that covered that face, but he could not; he felt that he might as well have attempted to heave a mountain from its rocky base. The mother saw; she felt; a mother can feel; and she silently uncovered that beautiful countenance. It broke upon him in all its loveliness. There was the same white forehead; the sleeping eye; the cheek that he had kissed so fondly; the lips that had spoken such sweet sounds; he gazed at her corpse with intensity of thought. Her living image was before him; he saw her smiling; he beheld her in the graceful motion; now her figure passed before him, beautiful in the mazy dance; and now he gazed into her full black eyes, and read unutterable things. He had a ring on his finger, a present from her; he tried to speak; he looked at the ring, then at her; agony swelled his heart; he gave one long gaze; and looked no more.

He knew not how, but he stood by her grave; and they were bearing the coffin towards the dark narrow pit; a heap of fresh earth was piled at its side. Some one said, "Where are the cords?"

He heard the answer "here they are;" and then the coffin was gradually let down into the grave; it sat firmly on the ground, and he heard a voice say, "there, that is right; draw up the rope." Then there was a sound, as if the orders were obeyed; in the act of doing it, a few grains of sand or pebble dropped upon the coffin; then all was still; then a handful of soft, damp, heavy clay, was shovelled down. Oh, that sound! that solemn dreary sound of utter desolation! It broke the spell that kept his voice silent and his eye dry; his lips began to quiver; a sob heaved his aching breast; large tears gushed from his eyes; he stretched out his hands in an agony of weeping—and grasped an old gentleman's nose in the stage coach, where he had been sleeping, and gave occasion for Obadiah to observe, "Verily, friend, when thou hast sufficiently amused thyself with my nose, perhaps thou wilt return it to its rightful owner."

The whole horrible creation of his fancy passed away like a mist; his heart bounded within him, and he took sweet revenge upon those wicked lips that had been so cold and still, yet so beautiful, in the darkness of his dream.

### THE AGRICULTURIST.



#### ROTATION OF CROPS.

Mr. Benj. H. Hart, of Dutchess county, practices the following course with success: first year, corn and roots; the second, oats with clover seed, and to remain two years in clover; the first crop cut for hay, the second, the seed to be stripped off, leaving the grass to be partly eaten off by weathers, which are procured in October, fattened on clover, hay, and turnips, and sent to market on the first of March, leaving a moderate stock on hand through the summer.

#### GRAFTING.

Many begin early in April, to graft their apple trees, while others defer till June. We think (says the Massachusetts Ploughman) May a better month than either, and there will be but little difficulty in making the scions live if they are well set. We advise to set scions in nursery trees quite close to the ground, as the bodies of the trees will be more straight and handsome.

#### ITEMS.

##### BEAUTIFUL!

Can I ever forget that face,  
With those eyes so softly beaming;  
That form so beautiful, full of grace,  
Like a sunbeam o'er me streaming!  
No! while the sun on us looks down,  
I'll love thee till my life-thread's spun;  
But, as to lend thee half a crown,  
It can't no how at all be done!

##### EPITAPH.

Beneath this stone and not above it  
Lie the remains of Anna Lovett;  
Be pleased, good reader, not to shove it,  
Lest she should come again above it;  
For, 'twixt you and I, no one does covet  
Again to see this Anna Lovett.

*Down East Justice.*—The Picayune says that a friend recently from the North, reports a very interesting 'salt and battery case which the justice thus solemnly decided.

"The cause is plain and I shall fine Mr. Jerves the cost of the court and three day's work in my garden."

Two hundred and sixteen English emigrants, bound for Nauvoo, the head quarters of Mormonism, arrived at St. Louis on the 10th inst. The emigrants were all Mormons, men, women, boys and girls.

How strange are the mutations of life! We see it stated that one of the very best boarding-houses in Galveston, Texas, is kept by Mrs. Maffit, the widow of the celebrated Methodist preacher.

A reward of \$300 is offered by the Governor of New York for the apprehension of the murderer of Charles G. Corlies, in New York, in March, 1843. Better late than never, we suppose.

"Circumstances alter cases." Of this there is no doubt. Mustard, which looks remarkably well on cold ham, shows to a great disadvantage on a new table cloth.

#### Administrator's Notice.

The subscriber having been appointed, by the Court of Common Pleas, of Monroe county, O., Administrator of the Estate of Elijah Stephen, late of said County Dec'd, would ask those indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the estate aforesaid to present them legally authenticated for settlement within one year from the date hereof.

JAMES R. MORRIS, Adm'r.

March 1, 1844.—St.

#### Executor's Notice.

The subscriber having received letters testamentary of his appointment as Executor of the Estate of Nathan Hollister Sr. dec'd, would give notice to all those indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate will please present them legally proven for settlement within one year from this date.

JEREMIAH HOLLISTER, Ex'r.

March 1, 1844.—St.

## UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

This well established periodical, the name of which has long been a household word in every part of the Union, continues its claims upon the favor of the reading public. No effort which industry in the business department, enterprise in the arrangements for the provision of matter, and careful consultation of the progress of the public taste can suggest, is omitted to make the Post acceptable to every member of a well ordered family.

**PURITY OF MORALS**  
The great safeguard of private happiness and public prosperity, the conductors carefully exclude from its columns every thing however brilliant in

**LITERARY MERIT**  
which may reasonably be objected to in the score of objectionable tendency. The fields of pure literature afford a sufficient material to make an

**ACCEPTABLE FAMILY NEWSPAPER**  
to contain all the elements of excellence, without a single objectionable line; and it is the greatest pride of the United States Saturday Post that no head of a family need hesitate to let its columns go under the notice of any member of the household. The general features of the paper include—  
**TALES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,**  
chosen for their lessons of life, illustrations of history, depicture of manners and general merit; and adapted in their variety to the tastes of both sexes, and of all ages. Particular attention is paid to the advancement of knowledge relative to

**AMERICAN HISTORY, LIFE AND MANNERS**  
as the past files of the paper will show. Some of the most popular American Tales Novelles which have ever appeared in the periodicals of this country have originated in the Philadelphia Saturday Post. And while American themes are more particularly our favorites, the productions of

**FAVORITE EUROPEAN WRITERS**  
are canvassed, and such articles selected from time to time, as come within our scope. Nor is the handmaid of sterner literature—Poetry—forgotten—for some of the most delightful **POETRY, SELECTED AND ORIGINAL,** which has ever been presented to the attention of American newspaper readers, has been given through the columns of the Post. The publishers appear with pride to the

**ESTABLISHED REPUTATION.**  
of this paper, and it will be the endeavor of those concerned to make it continue, what it has been for over twenty years.

**THE FAVORITE FAMILY JOURNAL.**  
While the characteristics of Literary Magazines are presented, the other essentials of the publication will not be forgotten, and in its inner pages will present the characteristics of a **CAREFULLY PREPARED NEWSPAPER,** containing all current intelligence of interest or importance, but carefully avoiding such details of crime as serve only to familiarize readers with it, to no possible purpose.

**AGRICULTURAL MATTER**  
will occupy a portion of the columns, and our farmer readers will be treated to such articles as continually present themselves to the attention of the agriculturist in these days of improvement. If the

**PENS OF ABLE WRITERS.**  
engaged expressly for this journal, and the results of long experience in catering for the public taste can continue the present prosperity of the Post (and more the publishers cannot desire) its course will still be onward.

**FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY FIVE DOLLARS**  
are this winter distributed in prizes for original matter—Four Hundred having been awarded for Prize Poems, one hundred and seventy five for Prize Stories.

**THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT**  
will be mainly under the control of H. HASTINGS WELD, a gentleman of long experience in the business assisted by several writers of acknowledged ability and popular talent.

Old friends and new will accept our thanks for past favors, and may be gratified to hear that the success of the paper never exceeded that which it is at the present enjoying.

**TERMS:**  
1 COPY, - - - \$2.00 PER ANNUM.  
3 COPIES, - - - \$5.00 "  
5 " - - - \$8.00 "  
10 " - - - \$15.00 "  
The money must always be sent in advance, free of postage.

Editors copying the above will be entitled to an exchange.  
Address, **SAML. D. PATTERSON & Co.**  
No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

## Farm for Sale.

THE Subscriber wishes to sell the Farm on which he now resides, lying in Centre township, Monroe county, O., about three and a half miles South of Woodsfield; on the main road from Woodsfield to Sistersville. Said farm contains about 80 acres, 50 acres of which are cleared. There is on said farm a good hewed-log, shingled roofed HOUSE; a hewed log BARN with a shingle roof; also other barns and out houses; together with a well of good water.—also a young orchard of about 100 trees. For terms apply to the subscriber living on said farm.

**JOHN JACKSON.**  
March 22, 1844.—p

## ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILSAT WOODSFIELD.

J. G. FLEMING, P. M.

**FAIRVIEW** (Eastern and Western)—Arrives Tuesdays, and Fridays, at 1 o'clock P. M. and departs the same day at 2 o'clock P. M.

**MARIETTA**—Arrives Tuesdays at 2 o'clock P. M. and departs Wednesdays at 6 o'clock A. M.

**WHEELING**—Arrives Tuesdays at 6 o'clock P. M. and departs Wednesdays at 6 o'clock A. M.

**SUNFISH**—Arrives on Fridays, time varies from 11 o'clock A. M. to 2 P. M.—all letters for this mail should be in the office before 12 o'clock M.

**ST. CLAIRSVILLE**—Arrives Fridays at 8 o'clock P. M. and departs Saturdays at 5 o'clock A. M.

**LAST CALL BUT ONE.**

THE subscriber would politely intimate to those indebted to him for Subscription, Job work or Advertising; that he wishes to settle up the estate of the deceased SENTINEL. (Those, therefore, who are indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.) In looking over the 'assets' of the concern, we find about eleven hundred dollars scattered promiscuously through "the Bazaar" (Monroe) county, and custom and want renders it necessary that it should be called in without delay. You may have a chance during Court to settle, if not by cash, by giving note, and you will surely save costs. The subscriber may be found, during banking hours, at the printing office, next door to the Court-house. (That was a Lie about the "Cashier Swartwouting.") "No bills discounted." "A premium paid for gold and silver."

**JAMES M. STOUT.**  
Woodsfield March 22, 1844.

## BAOON.

All persons intending to purchase Baoon of the subscribers, would do well to call soon, as they intend to send off their lot before long.

**T. S. MITCHELL.**  
Woodsfield, April 12, 1844.

## PROSPECTUS OF NED BUNTLINE'S MAGAZINE.

On the first day of May, 1844, the subscriber will issue the first number of a periodical work, to be entitled "NED BUNTLINE'S MAGAZINE," edited by EDWARD BUNTLINE, Esq., late of the U. S. Navy. It will contain two octavo sheets, or thirty-two pages, and be published on the first of every month, new type having been procured for the purpose, and arrangements made for superior and finished mechanical work, it will be issued in a style superior to any thing heretofore published in the western country.

Its contents will be composed of Biographies of distinguished characters, Historical Tales and Sketches, Yarns of the Sea, Moral and Scientific Essays, Army and Navy News, Poetry, Critiques, &c., &c., mostly original. The original matter will be written entirely by western writers of acknowledged worth, who are already engaged to contribute to the columns of this Magazine. The subscriber is determined to merit patronage, and asks as a favor, that which western editors and publishers should demand as a right; a preference for western talent and literature, over the flood of Eastern publications, that are permitted to overrun the West, to the ruinous detriment of its rising talent and genius.

It will be so conducted as to become a favorite parlour companion. Price \$2.00 per annum, payable invariably on the receipt of the first number. Any person forwarding a \$10 bank note, current in this city, free of postage, will receive 6 copies. Post Masters authorised Agents. Editors of Western papers inserting this Prospectus six times, will be entitled to the Magazine for one year.

**E. Z. C. JUDSON,**  
Publisher and Proprietor,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

## OHIO STATESMAN.

PAPER FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

We will furnish the large Weekly Ohio Statesman, from March until after the Presidential election, as follows:

For \$ 2.00, - - - 3 copies.  
" 3.00, - - - 5 "  
" 5.00, - - - 9 "  
" 10.00, - - - 20 "

This is the cheapest paper ever offered to the people of Ohio, and we shall be under the necessity, in all cases, of receiving the money in advance.

The approaching campaign is of the utmost importance to the safety, liberty, and welfare of this government and people.—The old bargain and bargainers of 1824-5, between Adams and Clay, must all come under review, and the people must again decide that question, and the thousand other questions now connected with that black and corrupt act, such as an assumption of State debts, as decided upon by the Maryland elections, and a resolution just introduced into the Pennsylvania Legislature—a U. S. Bank, &c. &c. The times demand that every man should do his duty—that every republican should be at his post—that truth should be scattered wherever error is found. We issue our Campaign Paper to meet the wants of the numerous CLUBS that have desired information on the subject.

Democrats! let us at once go to work.—The honor and salvation of this Union depends on your exertions—our soil, the soil of Oregon, is in danger if federalism gets power in our Councils. Throw aside all minor questions, and stand forth for your country.

Where it is convenient, we should prefer the CLUB papers to one direction.

Subscribers received at any time during the month of March, will receive their papers from the time their names are received at this office, unless back numbers should be on hand, when they will be sent. A person forwarding five dollars shall receive six copies. All payments must be made in advance, as the price will not authorize CREDITS.

**S. MEDARY.**

February, 1844.

## PLOUGHS & POINTS.

The Subscriber has just received at his shop in

**WOODSFIELD,**

a large assortment of PLOUGHS of various patterns. Also a general assortment of PLOUGH POINTS, consisting in part of the following:

**HORNETS Nos. 4 and 5,**

**Improved Bull,**

**CRANES Nos. 3 and 5 EVANS' Patent,**

**TRUE AMERICAN,**

**Patent Lever No. 8,**

**Self-Sharpers No. 4,**

all which he will sell at reduced prices for cash.

The Subscriber still continues to carry on

**BLACKSMITHING,**

in all its various branches at his shop in Woodsfield; where waggons will be ironed to order, and iron for same furnished on terms to suit the times.

**JEREMIAH OKEY.**

March 15, 1844.

## Bank Note Table.

OHIO.

Bank of Exchange, Cincinnati,	failed
Bank of Cincinnati,	failed
Bank of the United States Branch, Cincinnati and White water canal Co.	failed
Cincinnati Banking and Loan office,	failed
Consolidated Banking Company,	failed
Farmer's and Mechanic's bank,	failed
Miami Exporting Company,	88 dis.
Ohio and Cincinnati Loan Office,	failed
Otis Arnold & Company's Checks,	failed
Piatt (J. H.) & Company's Bank,	failed
Bank of Circleville (new bank) chartered in 1818,	failed
Bank of Hamilton, Hamilton,	12 dis.
Bank of Gallipolis, Gallipolis,	failed
Bank of Steubenville, Steubenville,	failed
Bank of Mansfield, Mansfield,	failed
Bank of Sandusky Bay, L. Sandusky Western Banking Company,	failed
Bank of West Union, West Union,	failed
Canal Bank, Middletown,	failed
Commercial Bank of L. Erie, Cleveland	10 dis.
Commercial Bank of Scioto, Portsmouth	5 dis.
Farmer's Bank of Canton, Canton,	20 dis.
Farmer's Bank of New Salem, N. Salem,	failed
Farmer's & Mechanic Bank Chillicothe,	failed
Franklin Silk Company,	failed
German Bank of Wooster, Wooster,	failed
Gaugus Insurance Company, Fairville,	failed
Granville Alexandria Soc. Granville,	62 dis.
Goshen, Wilmington & Company Columbus Turnpike Company,	failed
Hamilton and Roseville Manufacturing Co.	failed
Jefferson Bank, New Salem,	failed
Kirtland Safety Society, Bank of Kirtland	failed
Lebanon Bank, Lebanon,	failed
Lancaster Ohio Bank, Lancaster,	10 dis.
Maumee Insurance Company,	failed
Manhattan Bank, Manhattan,	failed
Monroe Falls Manufacturing Company	failed
Miami Exporting Co. Branch, Conneaut,	failed
Owl Creek Bank, Mount Vernon,	failed
Orphans' Institute Bank, Fulton,	failed
Ohio Rail Road Company, Richmond,	failed
Urbana Banking Company, Urbana,	48 dis.
Washington Bank, Mansburg,	failed
Western Reserve Farmer's banking Company, in Brighton,	failed
Zanesville Canal & Man. Co. Zanesville	failed

### DEAD BANKS.

The following is a list of the banks whose charters expired by limitation, on the 31st of December 1842.	
Franklin Bank, Cincinnati.	par
Belmont Bank, St. Clairsville.	1 dis.
Columbian Bank, New Lisbon.	1 dis.
Commercial Bk. of Scioto Portsmouth	5 dis.
Dayton Bank, Dayton.	1 dis.
Muskingum Bank, Putnam.	1 dis.
Ohio Life and Trust Co. on demand.	par
Western Reserve Bank, Warren.	1 dis.
Farmers and Mechanics Bk. Steubenville.	1 dis.
Franklin Bk. of Columbus.	1 dis.
Bank of Marietta.	1 dis.
Lancaster Ohio Bank, Lancaster.	10 dis.
Bank of Mount Pleasant.	1 dis.
" Zanesville.	1 dis.
Chillicothe.	1 dis.

### SPECIE PAYING BANKS.

The following banks were paying Specie at the last accounts.	
Commercial Bank of Cincinnati.	par
Lafayette Bank of Cincinnati.	par
Mech's and Trader's bank.	par
Bank of Circleville.	par
" Gaucha.	par
" Massillon.	par
" Norwalk.	par
" Sandusky.	par
" Wooster.	par
" Xenia.	par
Clinton Bank of Columbus.	par

## PROSPECTUS

OF  
**THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY**  
A weekly Journal,  
TO BE PUBLISHED IN WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

By **JAMES R. MORRIS.**

In assuming the control of a public Journal, custom renders it necessary, that the Editor should point out the course he intends to pursue. In accordance with this usage, he will briefly say, that he intends to advocate the measures of the Democratic Party; and that he will inscribe on his banner, as the voice of Ohio, the name of MARTIN VAN BUREN, for President of the United States, (subject to the decision of a National Convention,) and the name of DAVID TOD, as the Democratic Candidate for Governor of Ohio. In doing